Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

The Anglo-Saxon and the Slav.

"The survival of the fittest," if but lately recognized as a universal law, is none the less a fundamental fact, and is as applicable to, and as true of, races as of species. That the Anglo-Saxon is the most superior type of manhood yet produced either by amalgamation or from original sources, there is no longer any doubt. The processes and triumphs of civilization have proved him such. The Slavonic race is going down before him as certainly as has the Latin. The Slav when the final test came lacked the reproductive elements and the power of development to keep pace with his more western brother. Russia's ruler has officially appealed to the world for a disarmament, for a period of universal peace. This appeal is but an indication of a higher and more self-reliant civilization, but it comes from an exhausted autocracy. It is an admission of weakness. The Great Giant of the North in vulgar parlance has bitten off more than he can masticate. He has assumed burdens which have broken his back. His call for peace is a call for help. Gross outrages and an all-around maladministration of two hundred years are at the bottom of his troubles. He is bursted up in business, is failing to pieces over his own pondcrousness. The United States in self-defense has been warding off the yellow parasites of the Giant of the Orient. Little Japan proved to the world that China was a nation of pigmies. The Czar has as certainly disclosed the fact that millions of immature men spread out over one-sixth of the earth's surface does not mean strength or character and that the Russian's ambition to rule the world was an idle dream begotten of impotency. The Gallic-Latin has been helping the Russian to gold since the Rothschilds nearly twenty years ago, foreseeing the inevitable, refused longer to loan the Bear on his doubtful securities. France stepped in with its treasury under the promise that Alsace-Loraine should be returned to them. Now, having espoused Russia's anti-Semitic fight, the frog-eater finds he has been in turn swallowed and spewed out and that Russia as successfully double-death with Germany's Hohenzollern rooster. France no longer being able to put up money to her neighbor on the north because she had exhausted herself in supporting Spain on the south, wakens up to the fact that in being duped by her supposed ally in Europe she has lost even the respect of both America and England, the real representatives of the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon. Russia's cry for peace is made with the hope that by reducing her expenses some three hundred millions of dollars annually she may go on with her great railway and other industrial undertakings and at the same time save her immense territory. The fact is the Slav's hour of settlement is at hand, nor his Latin ally or Turkish servant or Chinese slave can save him. It as the Anglo-Saxon's cannon in America that awakened him to a realization of his situation, hence his cry for peace.

A Kansas Capitalist in Bankruptcy.

Had the bankrupt act become a law say eight years ago it would have been a boon to many Kansas people and a boon for the state. Thousands of enterprising men were caught in the collapse and there being no way of extricating themselves, they for the most part subsided and submitted to the inevitable. A bankrupt law would have afforded them a means of clearing the decks and starting again. No creditor would have been any worse off and Kansas debtors would have been encouraged to try again, which would have saved the state an immense shrinkage. We think, however, that there would have been possible exceptions. Rev. John D. Knox of Topeka, whose handle to his name seems to have been largely his capital or stock in trade, is, after this long lapse of time, going through the bankrupt court, he and his wife. American Investments says that his debts aggregate over $500,000. His assets, within reach of creditors, do not exceed $50. The assets represent his equity in a couple of town lots on the outskirts of Topeka. He is 70 years old. There are 515 separate claims against Rev. Mr. Knox. Ninety per cent of them are held in the east. Ohio, New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire are the states most mentioned as the homes of creditors. One creditor, W. P. English, lives in Asiatic Turkey. His claim is for $12,000. Another creditor with a claim for $7,500 hails from Pueblo, Mexico. Several claimants were Englishmen. The claim of the American Freehold company for $21,349 is the largest scheduled against Knox. Knox enjoyed a large acquaintance among Methodist ministers in the east, and eighty-seven of them are his creditors. The amounts, however, are small, ranging from $100 to $500. The principal creditors are: G. E. Phelps ,administrator, Watertown, N. Y.; Mutual Benefit Life Insurance, Newark, N. J.; G. F. Oliver and L. H. Baker, Shelby, Ohio; and the Bank of Topeka. Knox's creditors in Topeka, where his business was located, number about 100. Most of them belongest to the Methodist church over which Knox had presided as pastor.

The Bravery of a Graveyard Whistle.

Leedy's claim that he has added the negro vote of the state, solidly, to the Pop party, like Taylor Riddle's claim that there has been no disintegration of the Pop ranks, and Pepperell's assertion that the Democrats will stand by Pop-Fusion to a man, is all graveyard whistling. Behind this brave front are quaking hearts. If that crowd are not seeing ghosts it is simply because they have closed their eyes to the sights in their own graveyard. The Lawrence Journal serenely summarizes the situation, and no less serenely than soundly, when it says that "the Journal desires to go on record now with the guess, not to call it a prophecy, that the Republican party will elect every state officer in Kansas; it will elect six out of the eight congressmen; it will have a majority of the members of the legislature; there will be heavy gains in a majority of the counties, and light losses in a minority, the Republican majority in the state will not be overwhelming, as it should be, but it will be enough to make the calling and election of the Republicans sure. There should be a political revolution, and by the logic of events the Republican party ought to carry the state by 50,000 majority, but they will not do it. The Populist idols will have devotees too sincere, too blinded, too zealous to permit them to break away from that which they know to be false, but to which they cling with the fondness of a heathen to his tin god. Kansas will be redeemed, but the redemption will not be overwhelming."

The Storm Is Ebbing.

Like an unexpected tidal wave against a promontory of granite, the storm of criticism, so suddenly raised over the supposed delinquencies of army authorities, has been dashed to pieces against the frowning front of America's calm judgment, and there is only left the seething foam which precedes entire subsidence. In a short time people will be wondering what all the ebullient revilement and threatened storm of indignation meant. There were horrors on the field and distress in detention camps and deaths in hospitals, but Santiago was captured and victory was won and in the end it will be found that while all agencies were human that all our men proved to be men, acquitting themselves as creditably as possible under all the stress and strain of very trying circumstances. Critics probably, and no doubt did over-reach themselves, and editors, worked up to a pitch of frenzy over the letters of their own reporters, said too much. But there was probably no disposition to distort or to falsify anywhere by any one. The suffering was undeniable, the complaints natural and to be expected. In the clearer atmosphere of subsequent knowledge it will probably be seen that some writers and observers made fools of themselves, but that those really responsible did all the mere human was capable of doing.

On the Brink of a Volcano.

At the bottom of all the intrigues of the military cabal in France is the desire of the French officers to overthrow the republic and establish a monarchy. The French army is monarchial and aristocratic, having no use for even the pluto-republic of France, which maintains so much of the spirit of the Bourbons. Militarism delights in centralized power. In no other republic, under no other constitutional government, could Dreyfus have been condemned without a hearing. In the absence of a crown the French army is running the so-called republic of France.

The suicide of Colonel Henry and the admission that the letter upon which Dreyfus was convicted and sentenced was a forgery instigated by prominent army officials has almost precipitated a revolution in that country. The rotten military establishment which cleared Esterhazy ,the real guilty party, is quaking with fear. The army is afraid to agree to a re-opening of the case, and the government is afraid to deny. France is on the brink of a volcano and the only thing left for the government to do is to annul the findings and judgment of the court and let Dreyfus go free without further explanation.

There Is Comfort in Good Clothes.

Good clothes are not a drawback despite the jibes at the expense of the dude. Fine feathers and colors are not less admired in adorning the human form. A neatly dressed man is as pleasing as an attractively dressed woman. Many of our greatest statesmen as well as military heroes are scrupulously particular of their dress. It is related that Admiral Dewey is still as careful about his clothes as when loafing about the Washington clubs. The admiral seems no less particular than Admiral Cervera, who has been patronizing the Annapolis tailors. Brave men are often the most careful of their personal appearance; many an English dandy has led his troops into the hottest of the battle. And the man who, under adverce circumstances, makes his toilet as carefully as when all the winds of fortune fill his sails, captures the sympathy of the world, which, if it loves a lover, likes also a clean man. During the disastrous retreat of 1813-14, in the heart of winter, in the midst of confusion, a certain French general presented himself one morning to Napoleon, in full uniform, shaved and fresh. Seeing him in all the turmoil cared for as if he were going to dress parade, the emperor said to him: "General, you are a hero."

Webb McNall and the Insurance Trust.

Colonel Anthony, editor of the Leavenorth Times, is one of the best posted men in the country on insurance, its principles, policies and methods. For years he gave much attention to it in a practical way, and he is an acknowledged expert. In the last number of his paper he says of McNall and the insurance trust that "Webb McNall's boast of having broken up the Clarkson rate bureau is only a characteristic Populist attempt to fool the people. The Clarkson boook is published just the same as ever, all the insurance companies use it, and all make its ratings. There is no competition between the companies. And McNall knows this as well as anybody, but it suits his purpose to pretend that he, the stalwart champion of the people, has overthrown the insurance monopoly. The Clarkson rate system is an abomination and a method of robbing the people ,and McNall would have done a commendable deed if he had suppressed it."

He Fiddles on One String.

Stanley made a speech at Kansas City, Kansas, to a non-partisan labor picnic. He did not touch political subjects or party interests, and his speech was respectfully and well received. He was followed by Jerry Simpson in a regular partisan harangue which in part was very bitter. The crowd said nothing nor made any demonstration. But when J. K. Cubbison, who followed, called Jerry down for such a speech on such an occasion, the crowd became enthusiastic in its demonstrations of approval of Cubbison's scoring. Jerry can fiddle on one string only.

The partisan papers are now stating that "the time is now at hand when the voter must make up his mind." Having heard the same thing forty thousand times before, the voter simply yawns and lets his mind wander aimlessly in a wide, trackless desert of mental void.

In Gladstone's will is this: "On no account shall a laudatory inscription be placed over me." Bismarck directed that his epitaph should read: "A faithful German servant of the emperor." How great men come to despise "blow."

Chaplain McIntyre, who said that the Oregon at the battle of Santiago was the whole cheese, will be court-martialed. Such a declaration tended to disorganize Admiral Sampson's peace of mind.

The eastern athletes in the army are going down under the rigors of the campaign. The sun-dried, freckled, bleached and hardy cowboy of the plains has stood the heat, dirt and wounds.

Dewey and Schley both cast a great big, black obscuring shadow on the page of American history where is related the little scrap between the Monitor and the Merrimac.

Helen Gould has taken twenty sick soldiers into her palace on the Hudson. That woman is an angel. She must be. She is not a man and so can not be aspiring to office.

In Pennsylvania John Wanamaker has sailed over the mines to get at Matt Quay, and the way he is unloading shells at the boss is something wonderful.

The Indians among the Rough Riders who fought at Santiago probably did not remember the Maine. They remembered Christopher Columbus.

General Miles is in America. His quarrel will burn down the fuse to the powder and then, while the public holds its for the explosion, will go out.

Of course the nation will do nothing of the kind, but it would take us a hundred years to persuade Miss Schley that she didn't stop the war.

No man hates red tape as the private American citizen. And no man is a greater red tape expert than the American citizen once in office himself.

Sampson will receive $40,000 as his share of the prize money; Dewey will get $10,000. Make Dewey admiral, above them all. He has won it.

The island of Cuba is really Cubancan, and that was derived from the name Columbus gave it, Kubla Khan, thinking it was China.

Before a charge of the Dervishes the English lancers at Khartoum retired in good order. The American Rough Riders never retire.

The smart Kansan now goes to bed with a sheet and a blanket within reach and the ice-water pitcher and the base-burner both loaded.

Something should be done in this country to protect the street cars from locomotives and the bicycles from farm wagons.

Don Carlos is a hoodoo. If he lived in America he is the kind of a man you would want to support the other fellow.

Our big men and big horses paralyze the Porto Ricans as much as Cortez and his gang paralyzed the Aztecs.

Ibsen's Mascots.

A curious story is told of Henrik Ibsen at his home in Norway. A lady who visited there has informed the world that he cannot write without a queer collection of copper animals on his desk, and he crowds them so that there is hardly room. Among them are grotesque cats and rabbits. He says he finds help and spurs from them, and, were he to lose one, he should produce no plays.

A Broken Courtship.

Out of the shadows of the garden two people came into the moonlight, and leaned over the little chain that encircled the small fountain, into whose basin a marble Hebe continually emptied her ever brimming cup.

They were not unlike, these two; both were spirituelle, both were dark; both were romantic. The tie of blood was between them, for they were cousins, though, as the Scotch say, "far away cousins,' and bearing different names. They had been brought up under one roof, and Lena Michel's mother had been all the mother the little orphan, Henri Kleber, knew.

"It is cruel of grandpapa,' she said, "it is very cruel, Henri. These old people think only of money. Why can they not let us have peace, when we could be so happy? It is such an absurd idea. You and I to marry each other! We are like brother and sister. Nothing can change that."

"But we are not brother and sister," said he, "and even first cousins marry. I have been thinking that——"

"Give me a kiss, brother Henri," said she, "and never, never, never speak of this absurdity again. As for marrying, I shall never marry anyone. Why should I, when I detest the thought?"

Henri gave a little sigh.

"I shall never marry, either, Cousin Lena,' said he, "but you see we are not brother and sister. You can't make it so by saying so."

Then he kissed her and they walked back into the house, where Grandpapa Kleber and Granduncle Michel had just settled the matrimonial prospects of these two young cousins to their own satisfaction. The result of the young people's rebellion was a quarrel.

The end of all this was that one fine morning Henri Kleber found himself turned out into the world to seek his fortune and ere his cousin's black eyes were opened upon the dawn he had left Munich and his furious relatives behind him. From that day nothing was heard of him by his friends in Munich for many a long year.

The old people were unforgiving. Grandfather Kleber died and left his money to Lena, who had already refused two excellent matches.

She traveled two years and heard nothing of her cousin Henri, and at last found herself in Paris.

Lena Michel spent many hours with her eyes fixed on painted faces that she never saw, for the living face that haunted her; but one day she awoke to a wondrous interest in a small picture which hung in a small dealer's gallery in which she found herself.

It was a simple scene. A moonlit garden, the distance dying into undefined shadows, a fountain into which a Hebe emptied her cup, and by the fountain's brim a youth and a young girl. It was the garden of her grandfather's old house at Munich. And this was more than chance. For that was Henri, and surely that black-haired girl was not unlike herself.

"Is this picture for sale?" she asked the dealer.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I think the artist is mad," he said. "This is the first picture anyone has wanted to buy, and he refuses to sell it. Perhaps a price sufficient will tempt him; but if I give his address the lady will remember my commission?"

The lady promised faithfully to do so.

"It is a wretched street—he is very poor," said the dealer, and gave her the number written on a card. "The fifth floor," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Lena Michel stepped into her carriage and soon, followed by her maid, climbed the stairs of a dingy dwelling and rapped upon the door that bore the word, "Atelier" upon it.

In a moment a man with a long beard, who held a palette in his hand, opened the door for her and stood regarding the apparition of a closely veiled lady attended by her maid with some surprise.

"I speak to the painter of the picture at Moncieur ——'s," said Fraulien Michel. "The garden and fountain. I desire to buy it at any price."

"Madame," said the artist, "I regret to say that picture is not to be sold."

"But I must have it,' said the lady. "I am rich—anything—any price."

"I am poor," said the artist, 'but it has no price."

"Listen, sir,' said the lady. "It is more than a picture that I want—it is a reminiscence. It's like a—a place I know. I beg for it. I implore you to sell it to me."

"Madame," said the artist, "I see you have a heart. I will speak plainly. Long ago I stood with the only woman I ever loved beside that fountain—a fountain in an old garden in Munich. I was a young idiot. I did not even know my own heart, but I know it now. I have known it for years. One day the memory of the spot and of the hour returned to me as if by magic. I painted the picture in a few hours. I shall never see her again. Long since she has become the wife of one she loves well, no doubt, but I—I shall never love any other. So I must keep her picture; I must. You see that, madame?"

And as he spoke Lena Michel knew Henri Kleber—knew him despite the flowing beard and all the changes of twelve long years.

And as he ceased she flew back her veil and held both of her hands towards him.

"Henri," she sighed. "Henri! Oh, Henri, do you know me?" And then he had clasped her in his arms and she lay sobbing on his bosom.

When they stood beside the fountain in the old garden at Munich again they were man and wife.

A King Taken For a Gambler.

In an interesting article in the Ladies Home Journal, William Perrine describes the suspicion that increased in the mind of the captain of the vessel which was bringing to America, in the fall of 1796, a mysterious passenger who had come aboard at Hamburg, and goes on to tell what happened one day, when this passenger said: "Sir, this is not the first occasion upon which I have observed the attentive scrutiny you bestow upon me. May I inquire the reason?"

"Sir," responded the captain, "you took passage on my ship as a Dane; I don't believe you're anything of the kind."

The passenger smiled: the smile was full of perspicacity and confidence, and was followed with: "Pray tell me, then, what you believe me to be?"

At this question Captain Ewing fidgeted, hesitated and finally blurted out: "Well, to be honest, I think you are a gambler. You've well-nigh ruined yourself at home, and are now coming to fleece the fools you'll find on shore."

The young man's smile broadened; the next minute he turned grave again, lowered his voice and replied:

"Captain Ewing, as you have studied me during this voyage, so have I studied you. I have come to the conclusion that you are a man to be trusted. I am Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, eldest son of that Louis Phillippe d'Orleans who was slain by the guillotine on the 7th of November, almost three years ago."

Longest Plant in the World.

The longest plant in the world is the seaweed. One tropical and subtropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length. Seaweed receives its nourishment from the air and mineral matter held in solution in the sea-water.

Snails Eaten in Paris

Nearly 100,000 pounds of snails are sold daily in the Paris markets, to be eaten by dwellers in Paris. They are carefully reared for the purpose in extentive snail-gardens in the provinces and fed on aromatic herbs to make their flavor finer.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The Taloga papers say very little about the killing of McDonald.

Flynn will open his campaign at Watonga on September 17, in the afternoon.

The truth probably is Barnes and Flynn are as good friends as Callahan and Keaton.

T. J. Palmer of Medford is now in the thick of his forty-seventh newspaper quarrel.

Will Little's grove of young elms in the square at Perry is said to be the finest in Oklahoma.

The Ponca City Democrat roasts the Populists for not turning out to Keaton's Kay Center meeting.

The Woodward Bulletin says there are no flies on Western Oklahoma that even the buffalo gnats are gone.

Jake Admire wants to sell the Kingfisher Free Press. He so announces at the head of his editorial columns.

Jake Admire says that Flynn and Farnes at El Reno discovered that the party was bigger than both of them.

Geronimo came into Sir William Walker the other day and kicked. He said he wasn't being fed as well as the Spanish prisoners.

Shawnee will put in water works. They will pay laborers $1.25 per day and no one will be allowed to work but citizens of Shawnee.

W. Burke of Wikita was bitten on the wrist by a dog. He went to Attica, Kansas, and had a mad-stone applied. It failed to adhere.

A prisoner named Carriger has been taken from the federal jail at Guthrie to Perkins, where his daughter is dying. He is under guard.

The Bachelor Girls' club of Ponca City sent a check to the Red Cross society and have received a letter thanking them from the hand of Mrs. J. Addison Porter.

Dennis Flynn and Keaton should not get into a fight on expansion. Flynn as an expansionist and Keaton as a contractionist will not have a vote on the question, whoever is elected.

A hungry man went into a Manchester restaurant and began eating chickens. The waiter lost track of the number eaten, and had to count the bones. He charged the man for three chickens.

People who have had experience with it, warn farmers to let Johnson grass alone. They say it will run under a road and come up in a field opposite and run like a Spaniard before a Rough Rider.

An Indian girl came into Cloud Chief the other day dressed in white with a red sash around her waist which could be seen for miles on a clear day. She is said to be the prettiest Indian the men out there ever saw.

William Humphrey says he knows twenty homesteaders who had served notice of final proof on their claims who have withdrawn the notices on account of Flynn's nomination, as they think there is a chance again for free homes.

A man in Woods county gave in his money in the bank as $1,000, and made oath that was all he had. The territorial equalization board raised the valuation 86 per cent, and now it is shown on the tax roll he had $1,800. This is one way of raising a man's bank account that he can't appreciate, as he can't persuade the bankers to honor his check for that amount.

Arapahoe Bee: No sooner was the news received of Flynn's nomination than J. K. Little began to get up a crowd to egg him when he comes to Arapahoe to speak this fall. Two years ago this same man, with more backers than he has now, had a wagon load of guns secretly collected the morning Flynn spoke here to prevent his speaking to the people, yet the meeting was called off on schedule time very peaceably. The people of Custer county will have peace if they have to fight for it.

Along the Kansas Nile.

The memory will not thrive on one kind of fodder all the time. Forget the Maine and remember to register.

The government did not muster out General Hudson and he has placed another order with his tailor.

The old soldiers of Topeka asked W. C. P. Breckinridge to address them. The church people are howling.

Governor Leedy was too ill to appear at the Labor day celebration in Topeka, and Stanley would not talk, Mr. Leedy being absent.

Farmer Jim Simpson whaled Farmer Smith in the McPherson county scramble. What McPherson possibly needs is a third faction.

There is no north, no south, but after its experience with Duncan it will be a long day before Virginia invites Kansas to visit her again.

The police system of Kansas should be renovated. Kansas people should pay more atention to their policemen and less to their governors.

This is from a Kansas W. C. T. U. column: "There's not a rose on the bonnet of a liquor seller's wife that did not cost the rose out of some other wife's cheek."

"Let me introduce you," ladies and gentlemen, to our next governor, Mr. ——." But the stage fell with a crash. Even inanimate Nature had grown tired and revolted.

The Republican central committee of the state has the names of 2,369 men who voted for Bryan and Leedy two years ago, who will this year vote the Republican ticket.

As Topeka is to have W. C. P. Breckinridge to make a speech there, why doesn't the town get Miss Pollard for queen of the carnival. There should be an equalization of morality.

Jerry Simpson has now come out for expansion. Leedy will come next. The plain truth is that it is hard to find a man in Kansas who has not on the expansion question flopped around like a tumble weed.

The Wichita Herold says: "Gouverneur Leedy's Auesserung in einer Kampagnerede uber President McKinley, dass dieser ein guter aber schwacher Mann sei, war die grosste Dummheit, die for Gouverneur jemals ausgesprochen hat."

A few years ago the fusionists of Bourbon county nominated General John H. Rice for representative and the Republicans brought out his son Bill, who skunked the old general at every polling place. This year two brothers, named Goodno, are candidates for representative.

Everybody connected with young Collins' defense at Topeka is so supremely confident of his acquittal that the state attorneys are worried and think counter-evidence is to be sprung of a sensational nature. It certainly has never been proved that young Collins killed his father.

The more men Kansas has like Chief Justice Doster the better for the state. Doster speaks his mind. He is probably as frequently mistaken as the man who does not speak his mind, but he has the great joy of knowing that he is master of his mind and individually responsible for his utterances.

The local orator said: "My time is limited. I have this only to say. Governor Leedy is the best governor Kansas ever had." A gentleman in the back end of the hall arose and said: "Just a minute. That's all right. I think so, too. But my brother Bill here at my side, well, he's from Missouri."

At Kansas City, Labor day Stanley arose and made a non-political speech. Then Jerry Simpson got up and launched viciously into politics. Cubbison, who was present, saw his chance and waded into Simpson for his taste. The crowd was with Cubbison, and almost insulted Simpson, it is said, by their yells.